

## My New Time

Autumn

I hate it here  
Pillow of shame, blanket of lies  
warms the primitive  
I hate it here  
in this new year, with the sun  
new in my skies

Broken glass on corroded brass,  
it tells a time  
A new time, gentlemen  
Blinding glance, raise my glass  
to my new time

I'm naked here  
I'm in the blind, in blinding cold  
Not a shiver  
moves the primitive  
I hate it here  
in this new year, with the sun  
new in my skies

Dead weight on my shoulders, sir  
A mule of circumstance

Am I this blind?  
Can I not see this?  
Am I blinded into seeing  
nothing real?

Cry in your pillows,  
swallow that pride  
Keep your blankets  
for these colder nights  
in the new year  
My new year  
My new time, gentlemen